

THE
PENITENT
PUBLICAN,

HIS
CONFESSiON OF MOUTH.

Contrition of heart. Vnfained Re-
pentance. And fervent Prayer
*unto God, for Mercie
and forgiuenesse.*



AT LONDON,

Printed for *Arthur Johnson*, dwelling in
Paules Churchyard, at the signe of the white
Horse, neare the great North doore of
Paules Church. 1620.

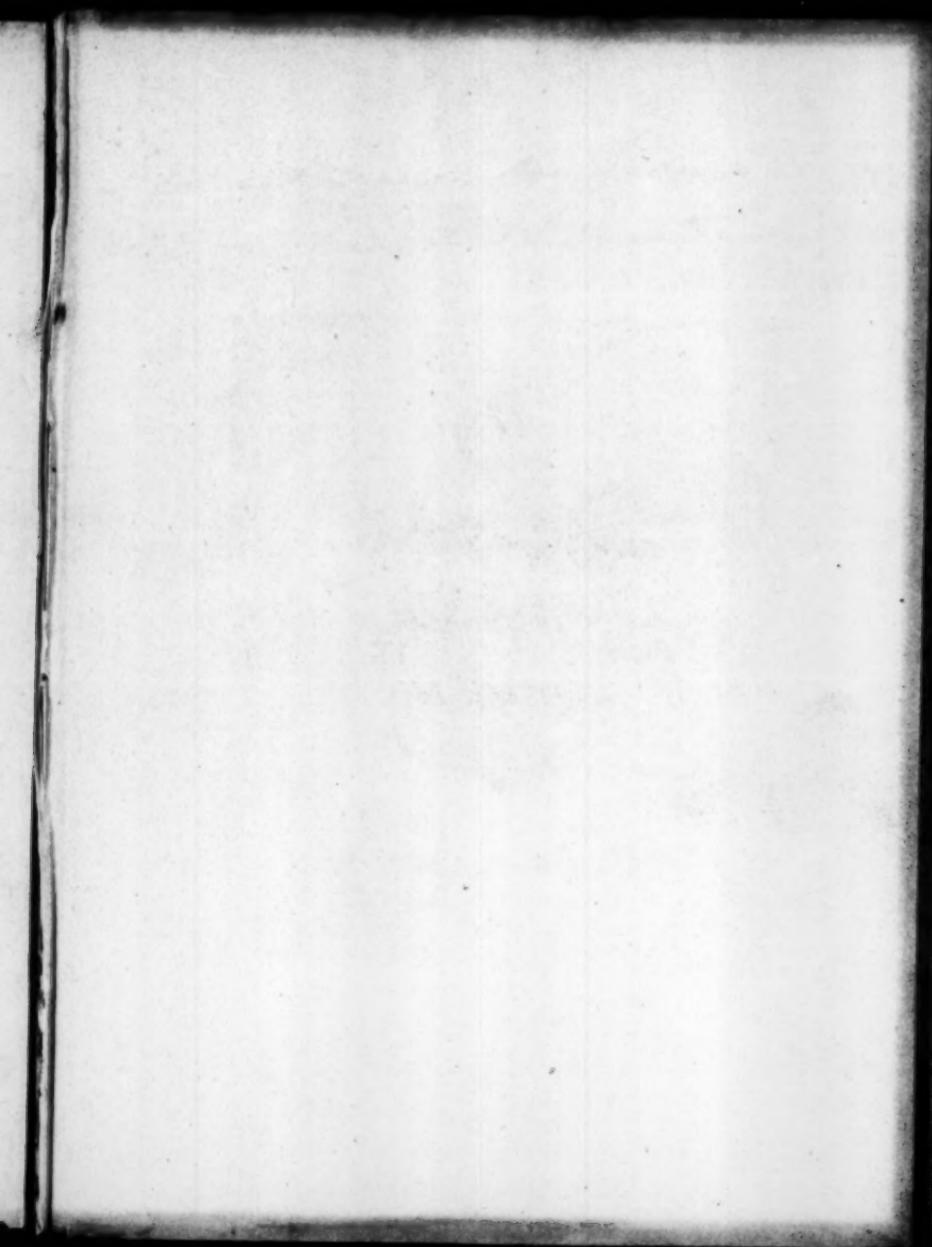
Collins, T.



Coll



Francis Freeling.





I do not remember having either
seen or heard of another copy.

THE
PENITENT
PUBLICAN

CONFESSiON OF MOTH
Confession of Morth
Luminec Andemurum
Sane Goy for ymre
and ymre



At London

Printed for Walter Rydale, in
Lancasterbury, at the Sign of the White Horse,
Horse, Horse and Garter, Horse and Garter
Horse and Garter, 1616.

TO THE RIGHT

HONOURABLE, GRAVE, VERTUOUS, and Religious Lady, the Lady Katherine Hastings, Countesse of Huntington,

T. C. wisheth health, and happines,
in this life, and in the life to come,
Eternall felicitie.



T may seeme somewhat strange vnto your Ladiship, that I should thus presume to publish this my poore & Penitent Publican, vnder your Honorable protection: yet in regard of your Ladiships Integritie of heart vnto God, manifested by your most vertuous life, and zealous loue vnto true Religion. I am animated to aduenture him in the worlds view, being shadowed vnder the shield of your sacred vertues, which (like the bright beames of Phabus) may Illustrate, and giue a long life, to this my illiterate, & little-worth labour, which (wanting your fauorable reflection) might go without regard. For (Madame) I am not ignorant, that Enuie attends vpon all good attempts: *Ismael will scoffe, and mocke at Isaack, euen in Abrahams house, and Shemy will reuile David to his teeth, and*

A 2 there-

THE EPISTLE

therefore the godlie in these dayes , may well say with holy *Job*, my soule is cut off, though I liue. *Job* the 10. and 1.verse. The righteous as the prophet speaketh, are most despised : for let *Elisha*, goe vp to *Bethel*, and euен the little children will call him Bald-pate : and so he that labours to liue vprightly, and to keepe the true path , he is accounted precise, and called a Puritan : the consideration whereof, makes manie men that would be feruent, to be fearefull, and like *Peter*, to follow a far off, and rather to denie him, that died for vs, then to the face of his enemies, affirme that we knowe him : such is the times impietie, and our infirmitie, that we are easily intreated to retire from any godly action, or good intention. And with *Demas*, quickly drawne to abandon God, and imbrace the world : yea euен this vild & vaine world, which many excellent wise and worthy men, haue most fitly compared vnto a sea of glasse, of the which *S. John* speakes, *Reuelat.* the 4. and the 6. verse, for it is both so slipperie and so vncertaine ; so full of troubles & tempestuous waues, one wallowing vpon the necke of another, that it is high time for vs to say with the Disciples : *Maister sauе vs, or else we perish* : *Mathew. 8.* and the 25. verse, for so small is our faith, that we soone faint : especially in Gods affaires.

Yet wee see me vnto men, as though wee were both so constant and so confident in God, that we might say with *Job*, *Though he kill me, yet will I trust in him*. *Job* the 13. and the 14. verse. But (alas) if we do behold but a litle persecution, lay hand vpon our

our profession, for feare of the one, wee are readie to ffe from the other. Forgetting the charge that Saint Paul giues vnto *Timothie*, *Fight the good fight of Faith, and lay holde of Eternall life*. *Timot.* the 6. and the 12. verse: *Wee are not onely cold in loue, but also carelesse in Religion.* For like the readies, (yet recanting) sonne, some say, they wil come into Christis congregation, but come not: & otheris say, they wil not come, yet they do: but it is at the end of the day, before they will drawe neere; *And long doth Wisedome crie in the streetes, before she can call them together, to goe to the Tabernacle, and returne to the Lord*, who by his Prophet *Ezekiell*, makes this proclamation: *Ezek.* the 18. and the 23. verse: *Hauke I any desire (saith hee) that the wicked shoulde die? or shall hee not live, if hee returne from his owne wayes?* And againe, in the 31. verse of the same chapter, hee saith, *Cast away your transgressions, wherewith you haue transgressed, and make you a new heart, and a new spirit, for why will yee die, oh yee house of Israel?* Nay more, hee promiseth by the same Prophet, in the 34. and the 16. verse, *I will secke that which was lost, and bring againe, that which was driven away, and builde vp that which was broken, and will strengthen the weake;* wherby we may see, that the Lord would haue none to be lost, but with the penitent Publican, to confess our sinnes, and to reforme our selues, and according to the counsell of Saint Peter, in his 2. chap. and 1. verse, *laying aside all maliciousnes, all guile, and dissimulation, all Enuie, and euill speaking, as new borne babes, let vs desire the sincere milke of*

THE EPIST. DEDICATORIE.

the word: that wee may growe thereby, from vertue to vertue, and from grace to grace, vntill we become perfit men in CHRIST IESVS; which wee can never be, vnaesse with the *Penitent Publican*, we doe truely humble our selues before the Almighty, and vnfainedly craue mercie and remission.

The which, that we may the more be animated vnto, I haue here (though but in a homely habit) set him, to be a patterne of true penitence, to all such persons, as haue any desire to imitate him, in prayer, and repentance: by whose example, if any be incited (as I hope there shall) to confess their sinnes, and craue pardon for the same; let them first giue glorie vnto God, by whose holy aide I did indite it, and then thankes vnto your *Honour*, vnder whose protection I haue presumed to publish it, that it may thereby (as with a buckler) be defended from the venemous tonges of the Enuious.

And thus with my most humble and hartie praiers vnto the Almighty, for your Ladiships long life, and prosperitie, I ende,
this 6. of Iulie. 1610.

Your Honors, most
bumblie devoted,

Thomas Collins.



To the Reader, whosoever.

Much to insert, and make too long a matter,
As an Apologie for my Publican :
Were, as on fire-lesse Fuell to cast water,
And shew me my selfe a fense-besotted man.
Then as it is, accept it, or reiect it,
For cringing Complements, I list not vse :
I know the wise, and vertuous will affect it,
The rest, I care not, though they it refuse.
Pebbles, are fitter, then rich Pearles, for swine,
For both (alike) sh'le trample in the mire :
The Gordian knot, is easier to vntwine,
Then bring bad men, good matters to desire.
But you, (deuout ones) of diuisine spirite,
Doe you my labour, with my lone inheris.

Yours euer, most
vnfainedlie,

T. C.



Tutor's Reader

Answers and Notes

.5 .T



THE PENITENT PVBLICAN.

ON bended knees, and with a broken heart,
Eyes cast on earth, hands beating of my brest:
I come to act a penitentiall part,
Before th'almightie, who is pleased best
With sinfull soules, when they are thus addrest:
In whose dread presence (caitiffe that I am)
Prepared thus (till now) I neuer came.

Knees euer bow, and standing beare no more,
Eyes euer weepe, and nere be drie againe:
Hands beat my brest, and make it euer sore,
Heart neuer cease, but sigh and sob amaine:
Tongue, euer pray, and for my sinnes complaine.
Till teares, blowes, sighs, sobbs, prayers, and complaints,
Haue freed my soule from all her soule attaints.

Humbling my selfe, may in Gods fauour raise me,
Weeping for sinne, may him to mercy moue:
Beating my brest, most sorrowfull displaies me,
Sighing, and sobbing, my hearts griefe approue:
Playning, and praying, may procure Gods loue.
His loue is life, which causeth me to craue it,
And stedfast faith, doth tell me I shall haue it.

B

[Great

The penitent Publican.

Great wonder-worker, worthiest worthie one,
By whose assistance *Henecke* walke with God:
Thou that wert *Abrahams* righteousnes alone,
Thou that mak'ſt men move mountaines like a clod:
(Euen heapes of sinnes) from of their old abode,
Thou pretious one, proceeding from aboue:
Soule-sauing faith (our evidencie of Gods loue.)

By which we doe his promises imbrace, *Bobred*
By which we apprehend Christis righteousnes: *Bobred*
By which we doe, sinne, death, and hell, deface: *Bobred*
By which we are assuerted of redresse, *Bobred*
(If we repent and waile our wickednes) *Bobred*
By which our prayers are to God conuaid, *Bobred*
And without which, all suppliants are gain-said: *Bobred*

Oh blessed faith, my fortresse and my shield, *Bobred*
My onely comfort in calamities: *Bobred*
Which doſt resolute me I ſhall win the field, *Bobred*
And o'recome, Sathan my arch-enemie, *Bobred*
Ile thanke my God (for thee) continually: *Bobred*
Cause tis his grace, and goodnes that I haue thee, *Bobred*
(Which art a ſigne, he will in mercy ſaue mee.) *Bobred*

Thou that art God of gods, and King of kings, *Bobred*
Thou whom the Sun, the Moone, and Stars obey: *Bobred*
That fill'ſt the poore and hungry with good things, *Bobred*
And doſt the rich ones, emptie ſend away: *Bobred*
My ſoule ſhall magnifie thee day by day, *Bobred*
And all the powers that doe remaine in mee, *Bobred*
Shall onely praife, and euer pray to thee. *Bobred*

For

The penitent Publican.

For thou hast vow'd (and that most solemnly,)
As thou dost liue (which art the life of all,)
Thou dost not will those that doe wickedly,
And into many grievous finnes doe fall,
Should die the death, but rather will'st they shalld
Returne and liue, oh sweet, and gracious Lord,
Which to thy foes saluation dost accord.

With *Salomon*, I now see all is vaine,
Youth, beautie, strength, health, wealth, and honor too:
Long life, and all, that doth on earth remaine,
And all that man, with all of them can doo:
Onely thy word, which worldly wights doth woe,
From earthly toyes, to seeke for heavenly treasures,
Is to be lik'd, and loued without measure.

Thou hast ordain'd a time to gather stones,
And eke a time wherein to cast awaies old blythe and bryggs,
A time likewise thou giu'st vs wretched ones,
To laugh and sing, a time to mourne and pray:
Most finde the bad, few doe the best assay,
But oh teach me (that long in sinne haue toy'd)
To mourne and pray, sinnes may be now destroy'd.

Euen as a poppie that doth haue the head,
Or like a Bull-rush beaten downe with winder,
So I, sur-charg'd with sinne (more sad then lead)
Looke carefullie, but can no comfort finde:
Yet faith, and hope, doe both perswade my minde,
That thou (oh Lord) wilst mercy haue on mee,
If I repent, and rightly call to thee.

Amidst.

B 2

Thy

The penitent Publican.

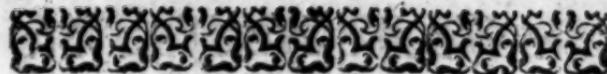
Thy holy prophets bid vs seeke thy face,
And that (I take it) is thy fauour (Lord).
Thy louing kindnes, mercy, and thy grace,
Which are reuealed to vs in thy word:
Oh them seeke I, to me do thou accord.
And let me finde them, for in them doth rest
All that I want, to make me euer blest.

Lord, I no presents, no oblations bring,
Onely my selfe I offer vnto thee:
A broken heart, is all my offering,
The which although infar vnworthy bee,
Yet Lord acceptit, for behold and see,
In true deuotion and imperitzeal,
It prostrate here, for mercy doth appeale.

I know right well thy Angels will reioyce,
And be full glad before thy maiestie:
To see thee heare a sinfull creatures voyce,
And in thy mercy cure my malacie.
Oh heare me then, and daie to purifie
My impure soule, with thy pure spirit of grace,
For that's the mercy that I woulde embrase.

Like Naaman I am a Leaper toord,
My soule, and body, both infestid bee
With filthy sinnes: yet if thou speake the word,
There will a wonder straight appear in me,
From all obription I shall soone be free.
Yea and be cleane when the Christall glasse,
And far more white, then snow on Salomon was.

Abrahams



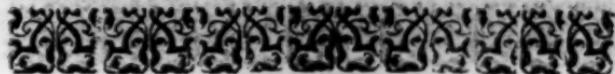
The penitent Publican.

Abanab cannot, nor yet *Pharper* cure me,
Nor all the waters in the world beside:
Onely true faith doth (by thy grace) assur me,
That if I take thy spirit for my guide,
And follow it, I shall be purifie.
For by the same, men are regenerate,
And from a bad, borne to a blessed state.

As David counsels, Lord I come to tast,
How sweet thou art, and how beyond compare
Thy louing kindnes (which for aye shall last)
And more the mirh-sweet-smelling mercies are:
Oh pardon me, although thus much I dare,
It is no proud, nor yet presumptuous thought,
But t'is thy grace, which this good worke hath wrought.

Which grace, were it not super-abundant (Lord)
My all-abounding sinne would still keepe backe
Me from obeying of thy blessed word,
And in this action it would make me slacke,
But thy good spirit supplieth what I lacke.
And at this instant doth inable mee:
To come, to crutch, to crie, and call to thee.

For mercy Lord, for mercy Lord I pray thee,
For mercy Lord, I humbly do intreat thee:
I am a sinner, oh do not denay mee:
Nor yet (in anger) either chide or threat mee:
Although (I know) thou hast iust cause to beat mee.
Yet mightie Lord (for thy great mercies sake)
Send mercy downe, and some compassion take.



The penitent Publican.

On me vilde wretch, and most vnworthy man,
The very worst, that euer was created :
A fillie soule, a liafull Publican,
In whom no grace, nor goodnes is innated :
Nor euer yet was truely imitated,
Vntill this houre : in which thy spirit hath
Taught me to pray, thus to appease thy wrath.

Thou that dost ride vpon the Cherubins,
Thou at whose presence all the mountaines shake :
And hills doe melt, oh pardon thou my sinnes,
And in thy vinyard me a labourer make :
Do so sweet Lord, and (for thy Christ his sake :)
Oh let me haue the hire thou giu'st to all,
Though it be euening ere to worke I fall.

With the lost sheepe, though I haue gone astray,
And wandered through the wildernes of sinnes :
Lord let me not become a cast-away,
But by repentance let me pardon win :
And once againe (good father) take me in,
And from henceforth ile so obedient bee,
That thou thy selfe shalt take delight in mee.

Looke soueraigne Lord, from thy celestiall throne,
Ah looke (I say) and with thy sacred eyc,
See how my soule doth sorrow : sigh, and moane,
And what cumpunction there is inwardly,
In my poore heart, which of thy maiestie,
Doth hourly beg that thou wouldest pardon mee's
Which oft haue sinned gainst sweet heauen and thee.

Which

The penitent Publican.

Which oft haue sinned gainst sweet heauen and thee,
And therefore hence-forth am vnworthy far,
Thy sonne (oh Lord) intituled to bee,
Or once he spoke of, where thy seruants are :
Gainst mercies gate my sinnes are such a bar,
That they keepe backe all heavenly benediction,
And yeeld me nought, but shame and sad affliction.

Lo, as a still, full fraught with leaues of Roses,
(Through force of fire, made vnderneath the same)
Lets fall (by drops) the moystare it incloses :
Euen so mine eyes, for' st by a seruent flame,
Of godly zeale (for so's the fires name)
Do shed forth teares (extracted by repentance)
From follies flowers, whereto my heart gaue entrance.

I neede not aske, why thou art sad my soule,
Or why thou art disquieted in mee :
I haue more cause to bid thee still condoule
Thy selfe for sinne, which sore oppresseth thee.
Oh mourne (I say) still sad, and heauie bee,
Yet trust in God (who is thy comfort giuer)
And (in good time) he will thee safe deliuer.

As Moses said. Lord I am slowe of speech,
No eloquence haue I to plead my cause :
But with my soule, I humbly thee beseech,
(Wretch that I am) though I haue broke thy lawes :
Yet into iudgement enter not, but pause.
And (since no flesh is righteous in thy sight)
Let my repentance, all my sinnes acquight.

I cannot

The penitent Publican.

I cannot boast (Lord) as this Braggart doth,
This selfe-conceited and proud pharisee:
Simple I am, and loue to lay good sooth,
For oh, why should I either cogge or lie :
Knowing what harme my soule might haue thereby?
Or wherefore seeke, for to excuse my sinne,
When by confession I may pardon winne ?

If so I oyne, contrition therewithall,
Or else confession small or nought auailth :
Tis not enough that I for mercy call,
And shew how much it is, my fraile flesh faileth
Of what it should do, but repentance bayleth
From death and hell : for God grants no remission,
But vnto those that do vse true contrition.

Therefore Lord grant, that I may often vse it,
Cause David tells me, thou wilt not despise
A contrite heart, nor yet wilt thou refuse it,
If it come to thee in an humble wise,
Laying aside all sinfull vanities,
With full intent for ever to refraine them,
And from thence-forth, neare vse nor entertaine them.

Humilitie, thou helper towards heauen,
Thou guide to grace, step to eternitie :
Thou fruit offaith (which from aboue art giuen)
Thou that put'st Cammells through a needles eye,
(For all their bunches of iniquitie)
Thou balme of blisse, thou gate to lasting glory,
Teach me repentance, make me truly sorie.

The penitent Publican.

As once thou did'st the king of *Nimue*,
When *Jonas* cried by the Lords command :
That he, and his, should all destroyed bee,
And fortie daies their citie should not stand,
Yet by thy meanes, *Iehovah* staid his hand :
And of the king, and people tooke such pittie,
As their repentance mou'd him spare their citie.

Oh could as many teares come from mine eyes,
As there are drops of water in the Sea,
I feare me all of them would scarce suffice,
To wase my foule, and filthy finnes away :
Therefore oh Lord, to thee I humbly pray,
That thou (in mercy) would'st forgiue the same,
And let me liue, to laud and praise thy name.

All-seeing searcher of the heart and raines,
From whom no secret thing nor thought is hid :
By ought that heauen, or earth, or Sea containes,
Or any thing in them Inuellopid,
Thou that know'ſt all, that all men euer did,
Full well thou knowest, that vnfainedly
I pray to thee, without hypocrisie.

Wring hands, wayle face, cleane knees vnto the ground ;
Sigh soule, sob heart, nay split, for very griefe :
Shake flesh, quake ioynts, in you no strength be found.
Cry voyce, call tongue (my hearts atturne chiefc)
Beat vaines, bend sinewes, humbly secke reliefc :
That so, with feare, and trembling thus, I may
Worke out saluation, wash my sinnes away.

The penitent Publican.

Looke how a child, that hath done naughtily,
With feare, doth crie, and craue to scape the rod :
Euen so my selfe, that haue done wickedly,
And oftentimes offended thee sweet God,
By doing that thy holy lawes forbod.
Now quake with feare, least I should punish'd bee,
And crie, and craue, that thou wouldest pardon mee.

But see the nature of this Pharisie,
He stands, and brags, and boasts, what he hath done,
Thinking therewith himselfe to iustifie,
But thou (oh Lord) dost tell vs by thy Sonne,
That by those works, no reward hath wonne :
And therefore bid'st our left hand should not know,
What deeds of mercy, with our right we show.

For when we haue done euen the best we can,
We are vnproufitable seruants all :
And Dauid saith, the iust, and righteous man,
Seuen times a day, from God (by sin) doth fall :
Then why should we (offenders cappirall)
Brag of our prayers, our fasts, and almes deeds,
When from our selues ther's nought but sin proceeds?

For if sometimes to our poore brethren, wee
Do any good : (as oft it's seldome when)
It is not of our selues, but Lord from thee,
These good gifts come, and those good motions then :
We of our selues are miserable men,
Which never could so much as thinke good thought,
Then by our deeds, how can we merit ought?

Yet



I be penitent Publican.

Yet to do good (I know) ti's commendable,
For so the Patriarks and Prophets did: ~~so much I blent but~~
And Christ himselfe (then whom ther's none more able)
Shewes by examples, and by word doth bid,
Our light should shine to others (not be hid)
Who seeing our good workes might glorifie,
Thy holy name (Lord) which dost sit on hie. ~~being vntell~~

Like leaden epipes, through which pure water runnes,
Or like the quilles (cald lacks) in virginalls: ~~which com to f~~
Are all the sort of sinfull Adams Sorines, ~~thoog~~ ~~which~~ ~~com~~
Through whom much good vnto the world befalls; ~~com~~
Yet they thereof are no originalls. ~~in addition to the same~~ ~~no~~
But thou (oh Lord) hast them as meanes elected,
By which to worke, what thou wilt haue effected. ~~affter~~ ~~affter~~

Then let the praise be onely given to thee, ~~which com to f~~
Let evry tongue extoll, and laud thy name: ~~it will silv~~ ~~O~~
Not vnto vs, not vnto vs, ought bee, ~~it on a smooth silv~~ ~~O~~
But to thy selfe, which dost deserue the same, ~~desirous of~~ ~~O~~
To thee all glorie, and to ys be shame. ~~we shal vnto silv~~ ~~O~~
For thou art he, from whom all good proceedes, ~~thoog~~ ~~yon~~ ~~O~~
And we the workers of all wicked deeds. ~~blisow noke and~~ ~~O~~

As sweetest Rose, on thornes stalke doth grow, ~~which com to f~~
And purest Lawne is not without some spot ~~thoog~~ ~~com~~ ~~O~~
So godliest men, haue some defects (I know) ~~which com to f~~
By holy David, Abraham and Lor, ~~thoog~~ ~~com~~ ~~O~~
None liue on earth, can say he sinnereth not; ~~which com to f~~
Vnles he lie, and so himselfe deprive, ~~thoog~~ ~~com~~ ~~O~~
Of that sweet mercy, which he might receiue. ~~which com to f~~



The penitent Publican.

Could I rehearse all my bad deeds, and good,
And should I then compare them both together :
The one would seeme like to a spacious wood,
Th'other like a light and little feather,
That's blowne about with every blast of weather.
My sinnes exceed, (like riuers overflowing)
But my good deeds, are scarcely worth the showing.

Then tongue be mute, and talke no more of merit,
For man doth merit nought but death and hell :
Wherefore (good Lord) direct me with thy spirit,
Vnto that place where perfitt truth doth dwell.
Oh bring me thither, and I shall be well,
I am a stranger, teach me thou the way
Vnto that life, that never shall decay.

If thou conuert me, I shall be conuerted,
Or else (by sinne) I shall be sure confounded :
For why there is no sauing health imparted,
To ought that is, in earth or heauen bounded,
To sauue my soule, which grieuously is wounded.
Onely thou canst doo't, therefore Lord I pray,
That thou wouldest sauue, what sinne doth seeke to slay.

The Saints blood-sieffer persecuting *Sam*,
By grace (deare God, which doth abound in thec) *Sam*
Became a preaching and professing *Paul*, *Sam* *Paul* *Paul*
Oh blessed deed, Lord do the like by mee,
Open mine eyes, that I the truth may see,
And (with that chosen vessell) magnifie
Thy mercy, might, and endles maiestie.

Mary



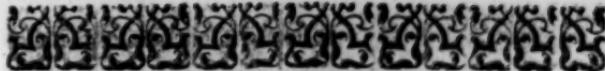
The penitent Publican.

Mary Magdalene had much euill in her,
Yet came to Christ (thy Sonne) and did confess
Her selfe to be a great and grieuous sinner,
That long had liued in Laciuousnes :
And lo, he let her touch his holines,
And wash his feet (he walst away her sin
Displac'd her euils, and put his graces in.)

But *Mary* did not with trickt trammels goe,
With ourled locks, nor yet with broyder'd tressles :
When she vnto Christ Iesu came, (ah no)
But with disheu'led haire (which grieve expressest)
She came to him in midst of her distresses :
And kneeling downe, she (with repentant teares)
First wash'd his feet, then wip'de them with her heares.

Thrice happie heares, that such an office had,
To wipe the feet of that most holy one :
And thrice blest teares, oh well might she be glad,
That she (with them) might come and make her mone
To her deare Lord, and be restrain'd by none.
But suffer'd, wash, and wipe, and kisse his feete,
Which were not honie, but most heauenly sweet.

And humbly now (like *Mary*) Lord come I,
As sad, and sorie, as e're she could bee :
And for my sinnes repenting hartily,
Yet though my teares I cannot powre on thee :
As Christ to her (oh Lord) do thou to mee.
Remit my sinnes, and ere I leaue this place,
Expulse my euill, and fill me with thy grace.



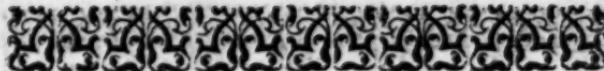
The penitent Publican.

For old in euill, but young in vertuous lore,
(I do confesse) I am, more caitiffe Ie :
To shun the best, and set the bad before,
To flic from vertue, follow vanitie :
And bring my soule into captiuitie,
Vnder th' a[n]ch enemie of all mankindie,
Who will it aye, in chaines of darknes binde.

In chaines of darkenes, and in dungeon deepe,
Where stinging serpents, toads, and terror dwells :
Where hideous diuels, and dreadfull fiends do keepe,
Where naught is heard, but horred cries and yells :
And where no tongue, of ought but torture tells.
There will he keepe, and euermore torment mee,
Vnles (in time) I hartily repent mee.

Good *Jeremie*, with thee, I wish I had
A cottage placed in the wildernes :
Where I (vnsene) that am exceeding sad,
Might sit and weepe, and waile my wickednes :
Oh sighing soule, heart full of beauties,
There you might mourne, and powre out all your griefe,
To God alone, in whom doth rest relief.

Oh that my head were full of water now,
And that mine eys, two flowing fountaines were,
Of trickling teares, oh then (to God I vow,
Who doth behold me here, and euery where) I
Such hatred now vnto all euill I beare,
That I would weepe for that I haue committed,
Both day, and night, vntill it were remitted.



The penitent Publican.

As *Hager* mournde, and wept, because she was,
From forth her maister *Abrams* house exiled :
Euen so my scule doth mourne and crie alas,
Because she is with filthy sin defiled :
And (through her folly) hath her selfe beguiled,
Of many good things, that she might haue taſted,
In Gods owne house (if she had thither haſted.)

But with th' adder I haue flopt my eare,
And would not listen to the charmers voyce :
Though wisely he hath charm'd both here, and there,
Yet shameleſſe ſinne (wherein I did reioyce)
Kept me from hearing his harmonious noyle,
For feare his words ſhould haue allured me,
To flie from vice, and vertue follow thee.

Thus like to water powred on the ground,
Which none (but God) can gather vp againe :
I am (by ſin) inſnared, taken, bound,
And euer muſt in miserie remaine,
Unles thou Lord acquight me of that paine.
Oh take me vp, and with thy holy hands,
Daine to vntie ſinnes treble-twisted bands.

For Lord in ſin my mother me conceiued,
And brought me forth in foule iniquitie :
Since when the world hath often me deceiued,
Yea and the fleſh hath labour'd mightily,
So hath the diuell (and that moſt cunningly)
To wound my ſoule, and to confound it too,
Which Lord I pray thee, let them neuer doo.



The penitent Publican.

A bruised reed, Christ saith he will not breake,
Nor will he set the smoking flaxe on fire:
The sorrowing soule, that scarce (for sobs) can speake,
Hee le not reiect, nor yet will he in Ite
Punish our faults, if pardon we desire,
The sicke, the sore, the lame, the halt, the blinde,
Come all to Christ, and all shall comfort finde.

For lo, he tell vs that he did not come
To call the righteous, but the sinfull sort
Vnto repentaunce, and amongst that some,
I of my selfe may, (to my shame) report,
I am the chiefest, yet being sory for't,
Most humbly now sweet Lord I come to craue,
That on my poore soule, thou would'st pittie haue.

Euen for thy soanes sake, who instructeth mee
To flic from sinne, and seeke to thee for grace:
For his sake Lord, let me preuaile with thee;
To looke with mercie, on my mourning face,
Where teares (for sinne) do trickle downe apace.
Behold them Lord, and be compassionate,
Else wretched I am in a wofull state.

My righteousness is like a ragge, polluted,
Needs must my sinnes then, vilde and vgly bee:
For if my purest be with puddle suted,
Most odious is th' impure that is in mee.
For besy being bad, the worst (in their degre) .10.00
Must of necessitie be extreme ill,
Beyond compare, and passing humanc skill.

Yet



The penitent Publican.

Yet though my sinnes be crimson coloured,
Thou Lord canst make them white as any snow:
And though(in graine) they be like scarlet red,
(Dy'de, oh too deepe) Yet neretholes (I kitow)
Thou canst make them as pure as wooll in shew.
From all corruption thou canst set me free,
For nothing is impossible to thee.

Oh thou Almighty, maker of mankinde,
In whom all grace and goodnes doth consist:
That doest the waters in a garment binde,
And hold'st the winde within thy wondrous fist:
Thou that in heauen, and earth, doest what thou list,
Bow downe thine eare, (Lord) and Auspicious bee
To my poore soule, which humblie sues to thee.

That thou would'st please to pardon my offences,
Which(as the starres)are infinite in number:
Ah woe is mee, that euer cuill pretences,
Enter'd my heart, that Inner roome to cumber (ber.
With wicked motions, whilst good thoughts did flum-
And not so much as dream't of danger nie,
Till I was wounded by mine enemie.

That murtherous minded,all-assaulting sin,
Who with his venom'd teeth hath bit me so:
That all my flesh is putrifide within,
And I (like Job,) from toppe vnto the toe,
Am full of soares, and know not where to goe.
For ease, or helpe, but onely Lord to thee,
Who (if thou wilst) canst cure and comfort mee.



The penitent Publican.

Soules *Balsamum*, and hearts holie-water,
Sweet-smelling Sacrifice of th'inward man :
Thou pureſt Incenſe powred on th'hye Aulter,
Thou, key vnto the heauenly *Canaan* ;
Prayer (I meane) which to th'Almighty can
Haue free access, alwayes to pleade our caſe,
That Mercie may, vs in her armes imbrace.

Oh thou more worthie, and more worth then golde,
Then gold of *Ophyr*, or the *Onix* ſtone :
Thou whom the Lord delighteth to behold,
Thou that (like to *Eliabs* fierie Throne)
Conueyſt to heauen. Thou bleſt, and powerfull one,
Plead thou my cauſe, and oh my ſute nere ceaſe,
Vntill (from G O D) thou getſt me full release.

Of all my ſinnes, and of the punishment
Which for the ſame I ought to vndergoe :
And for m'auſſurance, and my ſoules content,
Oh get me thou, his Seale of grace to show ;
That for what's paſt, I doe him nothing owe :
But loue and thanks, (which till my dying day)
My hart, and ſoule, ſhall neuer ceaſe to pay.

Homer.

As from the hand, *Diomedes* did wound,
A dulcid humor, daintilie diſtilled :
So from the heart, where ſinne did once abound,
Prickt by Repentance, (wherewith ſinne is killed).
Sweet motions iſſue (by Gods grace iſtilled)
Which (like as *Arons* oyntment did descend)
Vnto each member ſtraight-wayes do extend.



The penitent Publican.

Teaching the tongue, what words it ought to vse,
Teaching the eies, what things they ought to viewe:
Teaching the eares, what sounds they shoulde refuse,
Teaching the hands, what things they shoulde eschewe;
Teaching the feete, the perfit pathes and true,
That leade to life. Thus (like a King) the hart
Doth rule, direct, and order euery part.

Blessed are those, that walke not sinners way,
Nor take delight to sit in scorners chaire:
But cursed I, not once but euerie day,
Vnto those odious places did repaire;
For oh, (to me) they seem'd exceeding faire.
Gainefull and good. But now I see right well,
Hee that retires not, shall arriuue in hell.

Didst thou not loue vs Lord exceedinglie,
Thou wouldest not haue giuen thy lawes vnto vs:
Nor bid thy Prophets in our eares to crie,
What mightie faours thou didst meane to doe vs;
Much leſſe haue sent thy blessed Sonne, to wooc vs.
Which breake thy lawes, thy Prophets doe mis vſe,
And Christ thy Sonne, each day and houre abuse.

Yet doth hee pray for vs his enemies,
And at thy right hand Intercession make:
That thou wouldest pardon our iniquities,
Euen for his death, and painfull Passions sake;
Oh bleſſe hee, that did ſuch pittie take
On ſinfull ſoules, that hee himſelfe would giue,
To die for vs, that wee with him might liue.



The penitent Publican.

Great was that loue, great was that mercie Lord,
And farre more great, then euer man expected:
Vntill thy selfe did blaze that blessed word,
That though thou hadst mankinde (for sinne) rejected,
Yet thou (in mercie) hadst a meanes selected,
Wherby againe, we should restored bee,
And be adopted sonnes and heires to thee.

Mine eyes haue scene that sweete saluation,
Though fully (yet) I haue not him imbraced :
But now that *Christ*, that consolation,
Shall in my heart, for euermore be placed,
That so my sinnes (like cloudes by *Phaebus* chased),
May vanish hence. And I (with *Simeon*) say,
Lord now in peace, let mee depart away.

Thou that art more then most delitious,
Thou that for sweetnes, doest all sweets exceed:
Thou whom the Angells hold most precious,
Thou vpon whom the soules of men doe feed,
Thou that most pure and perfit art indeed.
Thou word of Truth, by which all things were made,
Thou, which shalt stand, when heauen and earth shall fade.

Be thou to mee a Lanthorne and a Light,
Be thou my Rocke, and Castle of defence :
Be thou my sword, against foule sinne to fight,
That I may put the diuell from his pretence,
And by thy power expell him quite from hence.
That so my selfe (poore Byrd insnarde) may say,
The Net is broke, and I escap'd away.



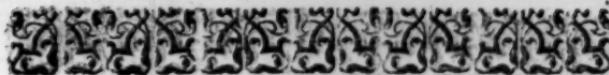
The penitent Publican.

Tis mercy Lord, for which I thus implore thee,
Tis onely mercy, that I humbly craue:
Because thy lawe saith, if I come before thee,
Except thy goodnes (which no end can haue)
Send mercy forth, my sin-sicke soule to sauе:
I shall by iustice, be condemned to die
A liuing death, that lasts eternally.

Like to a mastlesse shippe vpon the Sea,
Tost too and fro, by force of forward windes:
That every houre lookes to be cast away,
Yet lo (at length) she happie harbour findes:
Such is my soule, when sin so beats, and blindest,
So toyles, and turmoyles, that hell seemes to haue her,
Yet faith steps forth, and faith Gods grace will sauе her.

And by that grace I boldned am to beg,
And in submissiue manner Lord to pray thee:
Thy grace may breake that Cockatrices egge,
Which serpent breeding sin (that would betray mee)
Hath in my pathes on purpose laid to slay mee.
If I come neer't (as by defect of nature
I cannot shun that soule-consuming creature.)

Vnles thy grace (which all-sufficient is)
Vouchsafe to lead me in the waises of truth:
Which hitherto haue alwaies gone amis,
Led by my folly and fantasicke youth:
Of which repentance onely now ensurthe,
For that's the fruit of't, if we looke into it,
And happie's he, that hath the grace to do it.



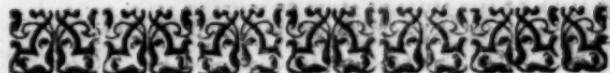
The penitent Publican.

For looke howspices, when thi'are pounded small,
Doe in our nostrills smell more excellent :
Then thole that never broken were at all ;
Euen so a sinner when his heart is rent,
With the remembrance of his life fore-spent,
His prayers are, more pleasing vnto God,
Then their's that ne're were beaten with his rod.

For whom he loueth,them he doth correct,
And thereby brings them to obey his will :
But as for them whom he doth not respect,
He lets them follow their owne fancies still,
And headlong runne into all kinde of ill.
As I did Lord,till thou did'lt ope mine eyes,
And let my soule see her infirmities.

Great is thy goodnes I must needs confesse,
To giue me grace, (that grace-leise ever was)
To see, and waile my sin, and wickednes,
Which bleised deed, hadst thou not brought to passe,
Mysoule, and body, both of them (alas)
Should haue bin damned in the pit of hell,
Which (by thy grace) now hope in heauen to dwell.

For now ile breake off sin by righteousnes,
Ile o'recome lust, by vsing chastitie ;
By abstinence, ile punish greedines,
And soule intemperance, by sobrietie :
Euiet iniuistice, by integritie.
Euiill affections, and vngodly motions,
Ile purge by prayer, and hearts pure deuotions.



The penitent Publican.

I'le banish blasphemie, by blessed words,
By patience, I my anger will o'rethrowe :
Boundleſſe desire, by what content affords,
Base Avarice, by bountie, i'le bring lowe.
By zeale, I will hypocrisie o'reflowe.
Fraude and deceit, good dealing shall expell,
And where vice did, there now shall vertue dwell.

By following truth, my errors i'le subdue,
By deeds of mercy, i'le kill crueltie :
I'le plant sweet pittie, where oppression grewe :
I'le put out pride, and place humilitie,
By doing right, i'le beat downe infirie.
Distrust by confidence, harted by loue,
And thus by good, I will my euills remoue.

Each night with *David*, I will wash my bed,
With trickly teares, distilling from mine eyes :
Each day with *Daniell* (by Gods spirit led)
I'le kneele, and pray, in spight of enemies,
Both day, and night, (with *Job*) in humble wise.
My soule shall fast, that teares, fasts, prayers may,
Appease Gods wrath, and waſh my ſins away.

I'le mourne in sackcloath, like the *Ninenites*,
Vpon my head, i'le dust, and ashes strowe :
Like *Iosuah*, the cursed *Cainanites*,
(I meane thoſe ſins, that ſeeke my ouerthowd)
I'le beat downe, kill, and make to coutch full lowe,
That ſoule, and body, may in ſafetie stand,
And peacably poſſeſſe the promiſd Land.



The penitent Publican.

As from the eater (*Sampson* said) came meat,
And from the strong one sweetnes did proceed:
Euen so from sin, (which vuler-like doth eat)
This hunnie-suckle happily doth breed:
Euen godly sorrow whereon I do feeed,
That I may purge out (with this earbe of grace)
Those filthy things that would my soule deface.

Vnder sins burthen I doe lie and grone,
For I am wearie of my wickednes:
Therefore oh Lord, to thee I make my mone,
Oh heare me thou, and helpe me in distresse:
And let not sinne, nor Sathan's subtilnes,
Subuert my soule, nor bring her vnto shame,
Because she hopes, and trusteth in thy name.

With the proud Pharisie shold I excuse
My guiltie conscience : say my selfe were iust,
I shold my sauior and my soule abuse:
And tread the merits of Christ's death in dust;
Whereby (alone) both I, and all men must
Be iustifi'd, and purged from our sin,
(Upon repentence) or else die therein.

Which were most fearefull, who dare venture on it?
What wretch is that, would vntrepentant die?
My heart doth tremble for to thinké vpon it,
Oh mortall man, confessethy miserie:
And eke repente thee, and that speedily.
For he that hides his sin within his brest,
He is the man, whom God doth most detest.

And



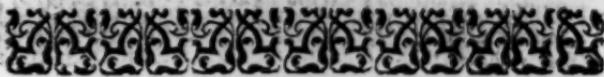
The penitent Publican.

And wherein is it, wee offend not all?
What man is that which doth not doe amisse?
Nay more, what member, but to sinne doth fall?
The hart to that, the head, and hand, to this.
Thus every part, with sinne defiled is,
I knowt (too well,) and needes I must expresse it,
For t'would confound mee, should I not confess it.

Mine eares haue sinn'd, by hearing prophane things,
Mine eyes haue sinn'd, by viewing vanitie:
My tongue hath sinn'd, by telling of leazings:
My heart hath sinn'd, by thinking wickedly,
My hands haue sinn'd, by dooing iniurie.
Wherefore to free my soule from future feares,
I'le punish all, hands, hart, tongue, eyes, and eares.

Mine eyes (for sinne) shall weepe continuallie,
Mine eares attend to nothing but thy word:
My tongue shall speake Truth, and that magnifie,
My hart shall (aye) to all good things accord,
My hands shall labour for to please the Lord.
And thus those parts, wherewith I did offend,
Shall each of them their seuerall faults amend.

Because thou Lord, amendment doſt require,
Of every man, as well as to repent:
Amendment is the thing thou doest desire,
And without that, thou wilt not be content;
But still wee stand in dread of punishment.
Wherefore I am resolued (by thy grace)
Both to repent, and to amend apace.



The penitent Publican.

Repentance, and amendment are two twinnies,
Somewhat resembling *Esau* and his brother:
Repentance first, with shame sets forth our sinnes,
Vpon whose heele, hangs the more happie other,
I meane amendment (which all faultes doth smother.)
The first of these, God little doth regard,
Without the last, and that hee will reward.

Wherfore I'le imitate *Zachens* now,
And straight restore what I haue leaudly got:
Yea, soure for one, I freely will allow,
The rest I doe vnto the poore allot,
For golde and siluer, now I loue you not.
Caule you are Cankers, that corrupt the hart,
Kill men with care, and bring their soules to smart.

With th'vnrighteous *Mammon*, I'le make friends,
That when my day to be dissolu'd doth come:
Their prayers, (to whom my bountie here extends)
May me receiue into Eternall roome.
Thrice blessed Treasure, that doth there intombc,
Your owners soules; but oh more blessed they,
That sauē themselue, by casting you away.

Ile giue Earths fruits, that I may heauenly haue,
I will forgiue, that I may be forgiuen:
I will not turne away from them that craue,
But giue to sixe; and also vnto seauen,
Knowing full well, I shall be pay'd in heauen,
With great aduantage, Christ himselfe doth say't,
And hee that speaks it, will most surely pay't.



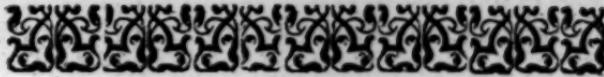
The penitent Publican.

As the sweet sauours of the male Palme tree,
The female quickens, and doth fruitfull make:
By breathing on it, so Lord, grace in thee,
Freely extended (for thy mercies sake)
All backwardnes, and barrennesse will take.
From mee, in whom, sinne (yet too closely lurks)
And make mee fresh, and fruitfull in good works.

For Faith without works, is like to that tree,
That cursed Fige-tree, which when Christ did spie:
Flourish with leaues, hee there look't fruit should bee,
And went vnto it, but when hee drewe neare,
And found none there, hee curs'd it by and by.
Therefore of Faith, tis vaine to make a shewe,
Vnles good works, vpon that tree doth growe.

Then Faith, spread forth, and euer fruitfull bee,
Hope, keepe thy holde, distrust, and feare defie:
Loue, be thou strong, let nothing conquer thee.
Zeale, be thou fervent, flee hypocrisie.
And (mongst the rest) most blessed Charitie,
Doe thy indeuour, and be slacke in nought,
And you shall see my soules desire wrought.

Thus dooing well, I shall haue good reward,
But dooing ill, sinne lyeth at my dore:
And from thy presence, I shall be debar'd,
Wherfore (sweete Lord) oh set thy feare before
My wandring eyes; and oh, for euermore,
Doe thou my wayes, so order and direct,
That shunning euill, I may good things effect.



The penitent Publican.

Thy promise is, (and thereon I reliē)
What time so ere a sinner doth repent
From thy remembrance, his iniquitie
Thou wilt blot out, and hee shall not be shent
For ought is past, if truly he lament.
And from the bottome of his heart intend,
To leaue all leaudnes, and his life amend.

With which intention, now oh Lord come I,
Hartilie sorie for my former sin :
Belieuing in thy promise steadfastly,
That for what's past, I shall thy pardon win ;
And therewithall, get grace for to begin.
A better life, directed by thy spirit,
Which none but thy deere seruants doe inherit.

And this new life, resolued on by mee,
As to begin, so likewise to persever :
I craue thy ayde, Lord let thy spirit bee
My guarde, my guide, and my directer euer ;
And oh let nothing in this vaine world seuer,
My hart from thee, but let it be inclinde,
For euermore, according to thy minde.

Poore Lazer I, Lord at thy mercies gate,
Wil lie and begge, vntill the houre I die :
And not a word, but mercie will relate,
Mercie shall be my song continuallie ;
For mercie, mercie, will I euer crie.
Vntill thy mercie (like the Sunnes bright rayes)
On sinfull mee, her sacred beames displayes.

Christ



The penitent Publican.

Christ Iesus bids me aske, and I shall haue,
He bids me seeke, and saith that I shall finde :
He bids me knocke, and though I haue bin stauen
To beastly sin, yet (saith he) thou art kinde,
And wylt set ope according to my minde.
Then now behold (as Christ doth counsell mee)
I aske, seeke, knocke, for mercy Lord to thee.

Amphions harpe did nere sound halfe so sweet,
As would the voyce of mercy in mine eare,
Which like the spouse when she her deare doth greetes:
Opening vnto him, in a loue-sickke feare,
To see his deaw'd head, and his dropping heare.
From whose faire hands, mirr falls vpon the bar,
So sweet sounds mercy, such her sauours are.

Kinde spouse, to ope the doore of thy owne hart,
(In darkesome night) to let in Christ thy loue :
But bleſſed mercy acts a better part,
Opening to men, the gates of heauen aboue,
(Through which who enters, kings for euer proue)
Kinde spouse, kinde Christ, that to his spouse doth go,
And most bleſſed mercy, that sauſt sinners so.

King *Hezekiah* turn'd him to the wall,
And wept full sore, when he heard death drewe neere :
And mourning so, he did for mercy call,
Vnto whose daies thou addedſt fifteene yeare,
Lord now againe, let the like grace appeare.
And vnto me (that dying am to sin)
Adde a new life, to laud and praise thee in.



The penitent Publican.

For in the pit, ther's none doth giue thee praise,
None thanke thee there, nor speake good of thy name:
They onely curse, and ban: and cry alwaies
Woe to those sins, wherewith they wrought their shame,
And brought their soules, into that burning flame.
From whence, sweet Lord, foraye deliuer mee,
That mong' st thy saints, I may sing praise to thee.

Eliab being hungry, he did pray,
And lo, both Rauens, and Angels, brought him food:
Daniel, when in the Lions den he lay,
He prайд, and lo, those cruell creatures stood,
Like lambes by him, and would not sucke his blood.
But rather sought by dalliance to delight him, (him)
Then with grim lookes, sharpe teeth, or clawes to fright

As was *Eliab*, I am hungry, Lord,
My soule, is almost staru'd, for want of food:
Oh send me succour by thy sacred word,
And for thy mercies sake, be thou so good,
As beat downe sin, that monstorous man of blood.
Which would into the clawes of Satan throw mee,
From whom sweet Lord, a safe deliuerance shew mee.

Good *Sydrach, Mysach, and Abednego*,
When they into the fierie Ouen were throwne:
Thy praid to thee, and thou preseru'dst them so,
As on the earth, the like was never knowne:
For not a haire, or garment they did owne.
Was either burnt, or scorched in the flame,
Such was thy might, and mercy in the same.

They

The penitent Publican.

They to the golden Idol would not kneele,
Because they lou'd, and onely honord thee: the wort of
But I am worthy hells hot fire to feele,
Cause I haue yeeded to all euilles that bee: the wort of
Yet mightie Lord, be not aueng'd on mee,
Nor let my sinnes induce thee vnto ire,
But (for Christes sake) defend me from that fire.

When *Jonas*, in the belly of the whale,
And in the mid'ſt of the maine Ocean: the wort of
To thee, did from that depth of danger call, the wort of
(Misericord makes men full of true deuotion) the wort of
For mercy Lord, for mercy made he motion,
And gracious thou (which hast all grace in store)
Didſt make that whale to ſet himſelfe on ſhoare.

Like *Jonas*, I haue often gone astray,
And troad those pathes, wherewith thou art displeased: the wort of
The world, the flesh, and Sathan ſhow'd the way, the wort of
Ah woe is me, they all at once haue ceased, the wort of
Vpon my ſickē ſoule, which is ſore diſeased, the wort of
And with ſins poſon ſo much purifieſe, the wort of
That nocht can cure it, but Christe crucifeſe.

Of whose deare blood (sweet Lord) let me partake,
And then though ſin (which long hath raign'd in mee) the wort of
Labour to throw me downe into the lake, the wort of
Whereas the diuell (that dreadfull whale) ſhall bee, the wort of
Gaping to get me, yet I ſhall goe free, the wort of
For ſpite of all powre, ſin, and Sathan haue, the wort of
One drop therof, my ſinfull ſoule will ſaue.

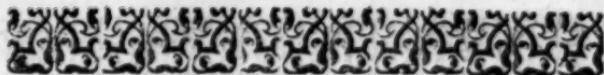
The penitent Publican.

Ile now put on the Armour of my God,
The helmet of saluation if I take:
My feet shall be with preparation shod,
Of righteousness I will my brest-plate make:
Sword of the spirit which mak' st sin to shake,
Ile gird thee on, and most couragiously,
Vse thee against my spirituall enimie.

Thou many-headed-monsterous Hydra sin,
That canst not be by mortall man subdu'd:
Vnles Gods spirit do vs aid therin,
For why thy strengah, is sundry wales renew'd:
And to thy power ther's such supplies accrû'd:
That if Gods mercy were not great vnto vs,
Thou wouldest for euer, vterly vndo vs.

Oh thou more cruelly then was murthering *Caine*,
That slew his brother *Abel* in the field:
For whom thou killest, them thou kill' st againe,
And plai'st the tyrant ouer them that yeeld:
Labouring and laughing to see hell fire filde,
With soules, and hodies, of those sillie wretches,
Which thou dost conquer with thy cunning fetches.

Thou that dost vse those that yeeld to thee so,
And them likewise, whom thou dost ouercome:
Making no difference twixt friend and foe,
But bring' st them all to undergo one doome,
And putst them all into one tostering roome,
Who would not hate thee, with his hart and soule,
And vse all meaneсты malice to consoule?



The penitent Publican.

Who would not shunne thee; more then anie snake?
Who would not flee from thee with all his might?
To eschue thee, who'd anie paines for sake?
Who would not pray to God both day and night,
That his good spiris, would aide vs in the fight?
Against so soule a monster as thou art,
Which seek'st the soules of all men to subuart.

And thou deceitfull, and bewitching world,
Thou most false-harted, flattering Crokadile:
About whose bosom there is nothing hurle,
But that which doth our purest parts defile;
Euen vaine delights, (which Sathan doth compile)
And on thy face, (the mart of all delusion)
Doth set to worke our shame, and sadde confusion.

Thou common couz'ner of thy kindest friends,
That (*Iudas-like*) doest with a kisse betray:
For vnto whom thy fauours most extends,
Hee is the man, whose soule thou seek'st to slay,
With heaps of gold, thou hinder'st graces way.
And with a faire shewe, of soone-fading pleasure,
Thou doest deprive men, of heauens peerlese Treasure.

Thou tempting whore, which doest intice to sinne,
With faigned smiles, and with thy flattering lookees:
Thou painted Idole, putrefide within,
Though with sweet hunnie, thou doest bayte thy hookes,
Most blest are they that keepe out of thy crookes.
And vse thee so, as if they v'lde thee not,
Least (by thy meanes) damnation be their lot.

F

And



The penitent Publican.

And thou fraile flesh, fraught with infirmities,
Though thou art subiect to a sort of woes :
Yet to thy selfe, thou coyn'st calamities,
And on thy soule, sadde burthens do'st impose,
By filthie lusts, from soule-desire that flowes.
By which (alas) both bodie, soule, and all,
For euermore, thou to the Diuell mak'st thrall.

Who (like a roaring Lyon) runs about,
Subtillic seeking whom hee may deuoure :
And of saluation would make all men doubt,
By telling them, euen in their liues last houre ;
(Vnles Faith stily then withstand his power)
That G O D is so iust, and so bent gainst sinne,
Prayer, and repentance, can no pardon winne.

Heare heaven, and earth, and all yee powers in both,
Heare mee (I say) and helpe mee instantly :
For to subdue this Serpent olde that go'th,
Vpon his bellie, creeping cunningly ;
And eates the dust of our iniquitie.
Which is, to him, more pleasant food (by farre) :
Then all the dainties, that on earth there are.

Sweet Bread of life, oh let me eat of thee,
That I may neuer hunger any more :
Water of life, that can it not prized bee,
Which Christ, the Way, the Truth, the heauenly dore,
Is Fountaine of, oh thee, I long for sore.
As David did, for that true Type of thee,
Euen Bethlem's water, fetch thy Worthies three.

But



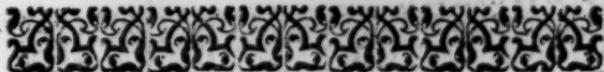
The penitent Publican.

But fillie soule, ah whome haue I to send,
Vnto that Rocke, that Spring, that holie Well:
Only true Faith, which will to heauen ascend,
In spight of all th'angrie powers of hell;
Then Faith goe thou, beat downe my foes, pell-mell,
And fetch mee drinke, from that most blessed Riuver,
Wherby (from death) I may my soule deliuer.

Riuver (said I ?) true, through the world it runnes,
Rocke, did I tearme it ? true, t'is strong and hard :
Yet it yeelds comfort to all *Adams* sonnes,
Which of Gods grace, are not (by sinne) debar'd ;
Vnto a Spring, it may be well compar'de.
A Riuer, Rocke, a Spring, a molt pure Well,
Is *CHRIST*, our Lord, with whom I long to dwell.

Behold Lord, I, that hitherto haue bin,
Only addicted vnto vanitie :
And day by day, haue heaped sinne on sinne,
And (as t'wer water) drunke iijiquitie
With greedinesse ; behold I say, euen I
Am now, become a conuertite in hart,
Which earst did play, none but th'vngodlies part.

For like th'ill seruant, which within the ground,
Did hide the Talent, that hee should haue vsed :
And to his Maistlers profite made redound,
Euen so haue I, (O Lord) thy gifts abused ;
And many times, most blessed meanes refus'd.
For to put forth thy Talent lent to mee,
So as it might, returne with gaine to thee.



The penitent Publican.

Nay worse then so, Lord, I haue wasted much,
Of what (I must confesse) I haue receiued :
For which, remorse my conscience now doth tutch,
And grieues me sore, that I haue so deceiued,
My Lord and Maister, and my selfe depriued
Of manie good things, I might haue enioyed,
If what thou gau'st mee, had bin well employed.

Yet am I bolde (most humbly) to desire,
Thou would'st not marke, what I haue done amisse :
Nor yet correct mee when thou art in Ire,
Or in displeasure, punish that, or this ;
For why thy wrath like burning *Arena* is.
None can abide it, therefore doe not shew it,
Nor yet let any that repent them, know it.

But let thy mercie, which is farre more sweet,
Then *Hibla*'s honie, or *Himettus* deawe :
Daine with thy Justice in the way to meet,
And let her to repentant sinners shewe ;
(Of which I feare mee, there are oh too fewe)
That though thy Justice be seuere to all,
Mercie shall saue them, that for mercie call.

For as on black-lead, Diamonds shewe most bright,
Rich pearlz most rare, when on base things they lie :
And starres shine clearest in the darksome night,
Euen so sweet mercie (issuing from on hie)
When it vouchsafes to light on such as I.
Doth then shew clearest, rarest, and most worth,
And most of all, doth sett thy glorie forth.

David



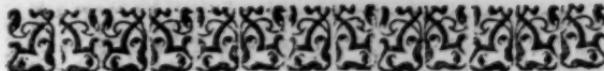
The penitent Publican.

*David did mercy craue, and nothing more,
In all his troubles, and aduersities :
Cause mercy paies sins debt, and cleares the score,
Leauing no signe of our iniquities,
To feare our soules, or to offend our eyes.
Wherefore, with him, I will for mercy craue,
That of my sins, I may remission haue.*

*Mercy's the summe, and substance of my sute,
Mercy's the marke, at which I aime by prayer :
Mercy's soules *Manna*, heauens sacred fruit,
Mercy's the Idea of th'onely faire,
Mercy's Gods seat, his hie, and holy chaire.
Mercy's the Loadstone, that to life doth drawe,
Mercy's the Gospell, that fulfills the lawe.*

*Mercy's the obiect of the Angels loue,
Mercy's the Arke, doth in sins deluge saue :
Mercy's the martirs Oliue-bringing doue,
Mercy's the meanes that men saluation haue,
Mercy's the most good, that a man can craue.
Mercy's the salue that cures sins vgly sores,
Mercy's the porter of heauens precious dores.*

*Mercy mou'd Christ, to come, and die, for man,
Mercy moues man to deeds of Charitie :
Mercy may saue me (sinfull Publican)
Mercy the Saints pray for continually,
Mercy doth pardon mans iniquitie.
Mercy's most royll, bred, and borne in heauen,
Mercy's Gods gift, the best that e're was giuen.*



The penitent Publican.

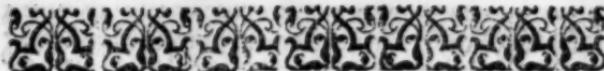
Oh thou more sweeter then the sweetest honie,
Thou odoriferous, and most excellent :
Whom kings must beg, but cannot buy with money,
Thou admirable, rich, and Orient
Ambassador : from the Almighty sent,
To publish peace, and joy, and loue, to all,
Which doe repent, and to amendment fall.

Euen peace of conscience (oh happie newes)
Joy of the holy Ghost (oh blessed saying)
The loue of God (which graciously accutes)
All three, sweet comforts, of Gods owne conuaying,
Into mans heart (the priuate place of praying)
Through thy hand mercie, which each moment brings,
To sinfull man, such sweet, and sacred things.

Oh let my soule, which thir steth after thee,
(Euen as the heart doth for the water brooke)
Drinke of thy sweets, and so refreshed bee,
That I no longer may feare deaths fell looke,
Nor yet th' opening of my conscience booke.
But free'd from both, may say couragiouly,
Death, wher's thy sting, hell, wher's thy victorie?

Remember not my foule offences, Lord,
Nor the offences of my fathers old :
But to my prayer, graciously accord,
And let thy mercies (which are manifold)
Into thy fauour (oh most happie hold)
Bring my poore soule, and there establish it,
Amongst thy saints, whose Ioyes are infinit.

Which



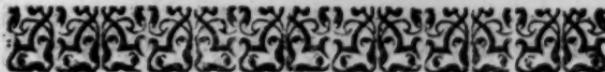
The penitent Publican.

With that sweet-sounding simball of thy praise,
Organ of excellence, in *Israe*l:
That every day, did sing delitious laies,
In praise of thee, that onely doest excell,
Whose words, and works, did please thee wonderous well.
With him (oh Lord) this one thing I require,
And with my soule, most humbly doe desire.

That I may dwell within thy Tabernacle,
In which thy selfe art presente evermore:
Because it is thy Angells receptakle,
Full fraught with pleasure, yea and plentie store,
Oh there had I (Lord) rather keepe a dore,
Then in the tents of thee vngodly sort,
My dwelling haue, in pompe: and princely port.

Ierusalem, peace be within thy walls,
And in thy pallaces let plentie bee:
For blest is he, whom thy sweet soueraigne calls,
And doth confirme free denizen in thee,
Where such ioyes are, as th'eye did never see,
Th'are ne're heard, nor can mans heart conceiue it,
Most blest, and happie they that shall receiue it.

Oh thou that art, of that great citie, King,
Thou life, thou light, and glory of the same:
Thou in whose honour, quires of Angells sing,
Thou that art great, and excellent in fame,
Thou onely good one (holy is thy name)
Though I bee sinfull, yet (sweet Lord) in pittie,
Make my soule free of that most sacred citie.



The penitent Publican.

As thou art holy, heare my prayer Lord,
As thou art good, and gracious, pittie mee:
As thou art true, and faithfull of thy word,
Forgiue my sins (though infinite they bee)
And let me liue, to laud, and honour thee.
To whom be giuen, all glory, power, and praise,
Euen to the end, of neuer-ending daies.

FINIS.



